

Good Morning 379

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Hello from Home L/S Jack LANT

WHEREVER you may be, called. She certainly gave us Leading Seaman Jack Lant, here is a picture to cheer you up—the picture we are told you have been waiting to have taken for some time to take with you on your travels.

We need hardly tell YOU who they are, but in case any of your friends are curious, we are presenting:

Mrs. Lant, Jack's wife, and none other than the deputy master of the Lant home, Jack's eight-month-old son, Collin (the image of Dad, or so we were told), blue eyes, 23lbs, and six teeth, pictured by "Good Morning" at 65 Eldon Street, Preston, Lancs.

You will be glad to hear, Jack, and see from the picture, that your wife is better. She had only been up around the house a few days when we

called. She certainly gave us the impression that she is well on the way to recovery.

Collin, of course, is growing bigger and fatter, and grows more like his Dad every day."

Your father-in-law was preparing to go off on another "trawl," the day we called at Eldon Street. This time he expects to be away at sea for about two weeks. We guess you will be wishing him big catches. His wish to you is, "Good hunting and safe returns."

So, Leading Seaman Jack Lant, with messages of love and good luck from all at 65 Eldon Street, and a few special squeaks from Collin, which you can interpret better than we can, we leave you with your much-awaited picture. Good Hunting!

Home Town Roundabout

CINEMA-GOER AT 84.

A CHARMING old lady of 84 is Mrs. Mary Pollard, of Victoria Park, Cardiff. Now she has started going to "the pictures"! Nothing would induce her to visit the flicks until she was summoned to a Command Performance.

Her son, Chief Engineer Charles Pollard, was a central figure in a sea epic. It surrounded the oil tanker "San Demetrio," set ablaze by the German pocket battleship "Admiral Von Scheer" in the Jervis Bay action in 1940. She was brought to port with her cargo practically intact. Sixteen men did the job.

Chief Engineer Pollard performed the miracle of getting the engines to work after the ship was set on fire and temporarily abandoned in mid-ocean. A film record was made

of the story at Ealing Studio, and he acted as adviser. He now has a shore appointment at Port Talbot, where his wife is acting Mayoress for her cousin, Mayor Horace Macey.

HAT TRICK.

AN N.F.S. team playing a cricket against an R.A.F. side in South Devon, secured four wickets with four consecutive balls.

One bowler, Stephens, performed a hat-trick with the last three balls of his over, and Jordan captured No. 4 with the first ball from the other end.

UNEXPLODED.

IN the South-West one morning, after an overnight raid, a U.B. was reported near a railway line.

Trains were stopped, and the Bomb Disposal Squad sent for. They had arrived on the scene, and a number of officials were hovering around anxiously, when a railwayman strode along the track and asked what the trouble was.

Said one official, pointing at a hole at the side of the permanent way, "Unexploded bomb."

"What?" interjected the new arrival, "that hole? Don't you remember we removed a signal-post from there a couple of months back?"

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THEY WERE POMPEY'S PRIDE AND JOY

(From John Allen)

YOU will notice, if you trouble to keep alert, that certain teams specialise in producing players for a special position. Portsmouth F.C., the Royal Navy's favourite team, is numbered among the clubs that specialise in the making of centre-half-backs.

Even since they became a power in football, Pompey have called upon a really great pivot.

One of the first was the late Bob Kearney. Now, Bob was a footballer in every sense of the word. He could open up a game well, defended stubbornly, and had all the hall-marks of a truly great centre-half-back.

He was in line for his England cap when a serious illness took him from this earth—and many said that Jack Tinn, Pompey's manager, would be in a tight fix.

But they did not know their Jack Tinn!

Some little time before, Tinn had gone to see Poole United play. It was not the Poole team that attracted him, or the men who composed it. Jack was very anxious to run the rule over a goal-scoring centre-forward one of his scouts had recommended.

As he needed a good deputy for his own leader, Jack Tinn expected something good—and received a shock. The Poole pivot, tall, fair and tremendously strong, completely bottled up the centre-forward. No matter what trick was tried, Jimmy Allen—for that was the pivot's name—knew the antidote.

When the final whistle had blown, Jack Tinn, seeing other managers present, decided to take a bold risk and offer the youth, whom he had seen but once, an opportunity.

PROFITABLE PLAYER.

Always famed for his judgment, Jack Tinn, on this occasion, showed what wonderful foresight he had. Jimmy Allen, after careful coaching, developed into one of the greatest "stopper" centre-half-backs the game has ever known.

In the defence he was always a pillar of strength, his fair head nodding away dangerous centres, his sure-kicking feet clearing from Pompey's goal area, movements that threatened danger.

Four years after he had made his first League appearance for Pompey, Aston Villa created a surprise by signing Jimmy Allen—in return for a record fee of £10,775. Not a bad profit from a player, spotted by accident, and who cost Pompey nothing!

After a shaky start with Aston Villa, during which time he had a spell in the reserves, Allen made a terrific come-back and showed to everyone what a "Knight" of the game he is.

When Allen left to seek further fame with the Villa, Jack Tinn produced another ace centre-half from out of the bag in the person of Bob Salmond, a tall red-haired young Scot.

Bob Salmond, before Allen moved, was proving himself a worthy rival, and, on gaining a permanent League place, became just about the best pivot in the South.

His training on his father's farm in Perth had resulted in him being a most powerful youngster, and centre-forwards with big names and goal-scoring records received little change from the Scot. Like Allen and Kearney before him, he excelled as a "stopper," and Portsmouth's system of play was based on their pivot adopting this form of defence.

When Chelsea, needing a centre-half, began to hunt for a pivot, they liked the look of Bob Salmond. After careful negotiations, Salmond moved

to Stamford Bridge, where he quickly became a power in the Chelsea team—and Jack Tinn produced another fine centre-half-back!

Tommy Rowe, another "stopper," also showed that he was a footballer with an understanding of the finer points of the game.

His headwork, the result of much training, and coolness, reminded many of Chelsea's classic Peter O'Dowd, and when Portsmouth won the F.A. Cup in the last Final before the present war, it was Tommy Rowe who played such a fine role in keeping out the goal-hungry Wolverhampton forwards.

TINN SHINES AGAIN.

When war took Tommy Rowe to serve in the R.A.F., those who had for years been waiting to see Pompey without a pivot of distinction, shook their heads and said, "This is it."

But tradition in football holds on, and Jack Tinn, in Pompey's case, certainly held on. This time he showed to an admiring crowd, Reg. Flewin, a local lad, with Royal Navy associations, who is proving himself to be as fine a pivot as the "Knights" who went before him.

In making such great centre-half-backs, Manager Jack Tinn has paid very little in the way of transfer fees. That's where his greatness is. Any club can buy a star pivot, but only a great manager can make them from the raw material at his disposal!

One of the greatest "Knights" Portsmouth ever called upon was Jack Smith, their international inside-right. A member

of the famous Whitburn family of Smith, he made his mark in junior football during the Great War, and in 1919 South Shields, in return for a £5 fee, signed him.

Early in 1928, after figuring in over 150 matches for South Shields, he journeyed South to join his old manager, Jack Tinn, at Portsmouth.

BRAINS OF POMPEY.

With Portsmouth he quickly became the brains of the team, and his thin-haired head could always be seen in the thick of the battle. Cool, powerful shooting, and a team man, he was responsible for Portsmouth having such a brilliant run in the years before the present war.

Strange though, when one considers his skill, that Smith played in League football, without a break, for twelve seasons

before gaining his first international cap. I think this must be a record—even if it is a strange one—but no player deserved recognition more than Jack Smith.

He was a "Knight" in the sense that he was an international whom everyone knew from one end of the country to the other, for whenever the name of Portsmouth was mentioned one immediately thought of Jack Smith.

In Smith, Pompey had a captain and tactician who has left his stamp upon a very great club. Jack, you see, was first and foremost a "gentleman-footballer"—and to be a success with Pompey they are first and foremost the essential qualifications.

More Shop Talk From Ron Richards

SO His Majesty's Submarine "Unshaken" has the honour of being the adopted boat of Staines!

Hoping in the near future to get to Staines for gen on what the town is or should be doing for the lucky boat. Meanwhile, can you help me? Have you visited the town yet? Do you hear from them at all? I will be grateful if you will let me know something of the activities of your foster-parents.

Also, "Unshaken," we would like to see some copies of your magazine. "Klaxon News," we hear, is one of the snappiest boat's papers to be shown in the depots.

I might point out that, regarding security, the copies will be subject to censor just as the covering letter.

Talking of "Unshaken," I hear you have been busy recently.

This is the story I heard:

One of many lively encounters which "Unshaken" had with the enemy in the Mediterranean was a gun duel with German tanks.

"We had noticed that a certain suspension bridge was in constant use by enemy transport," said Lieut. J. Whitton, R.N., of Towcester, Northants, the "Unshaken's" Commanding Officer, "and one day we held up the traffic for three miles on either side of it while we had our 'party.'

"Tanks on the road endeavoured to reply, but with little effect. We obtained hits on the girders and a buttress and two hits on a factory in the background. We continued the assault until we could no longer see the target for smoke and dust."



PRISCILLA LANE

convoy in a thick fog. But there was no real cause for concern. Far from being in any danger, "Unshaken" had asked the escorting destroyers if she could be of any help, and was given the unusual job of leading the convoy towards port.

IN the course of her patrols, "Unshaken" torpedoed an enemy supply ship of 7,000 tons, and twenty hours later the submarine's crew saw the enemy ship roll over and sink.

"Unshaken" attacked the ship as she was about to enter an Italian harbour. Through the periscope, Lieut. J. Whitton saw the torpedoed vessel stopped, on fire astern and listing heavily to port.

"I watched her until it was too dark to see any more," said Lieut. Whitton. "The next day we went in to see if she was still there. She was, and although she was beached, it seemed that another torpedo would be necessary to finish her.

"Then, just as I was about to give the order to fire, I saw her start to roll over. She was a fine modern ship, and the ship's company watched her sink bottom up."

Lieut. Whitton commanded "Unshaken" throughout her Mediterranean commission, during which she carried out fourteen patrols.

"We had the luck to see another heartening spectacle," he said, "when an ammunition-carrying schooner, fully loaded with a deck cargo, disintegrated in a red flash as our torpedo hit her close to the Sicilian shore.

"There was a colossal cloud of smoke, and we could see wreckage a hundred feet in the air."

On another occasion "Unshaken" encountered a long procession of enemy landing craft.

"We waited until it was dark," said Lieut. Whitton, "and then we sidled up to within thirty yards of one of the craft, which was packed with German troops. We sprayed them with machine-gun fire, and by the shouting we heard among them they must have had the surprise of their lives."

Considerable anxiety was felt at the flotilla base when it was known that "Unshaken," returning from a patrol, was in the midst of a large Allied

A CLAIMED entertainer No. 1 of Riviera crowds is Lieut. G. E. Hunt, D.S.C., R.N. According to the report, traffic on the Corniche, the French Riviera coast road, stopped recently while crowds watched a British submarine surface and attack an Axis supply ship.

"Our target was a modern auxiliary sailing vessel," said Lieut. Hunt, on his return from patrol. "She was coast-crawling at about six knots, mainly on her Diesel engines, when I sighted her through the periscope. We surfaced on her port quarter and opened fire."

The target turned stern-on to her attacker and increased speed, the submarine in hot pursuit.

"The chase took us close to a point of land where a number of motor-cars had stopped on the coast road to see the fun," continued Lieut. Hunt. "They saw us get a direct hit on the stern of the target, which caused a large explosion, after which the vessel sank."

The crowd then watched two E-boats begin hunting the submarine, which dived and eluded them.

Ron Richards

DO THE DEAD RISE?

PART 17

JOHN Nickel emerged cautiously from that hidden entrance in the cliff side and stared into the now greying mist.

He tried to stifle a cough as the harsh, damp air entered his lungs; and that cough sent a thrill of alarm through Martin Lynn, crouching not a dozen yards away, motionless as the great lichen-covered boulder at his side.

For Martin, on a sudden impulse, had determined to investigate the Fern Cave that morning.

Nickel stirred carefully and drew himself up to his feet. Martin could distinguish him as a vague blur in the faint light. Suddenly the old man dropped to his knees as though in alarm. For an instant Martin feared he had been discovered, but a moment later the cause was plain.

Some one else was approaching. The sound of scrambling came to his ears, and soon the light of a torch, waving about like a will-o'-the-wisp, showed through the mist. A queer low whistle broke the silence, and then Nickel's hoarse voice answered:

"That you, Mr. Watson?"

Watson's voice was shaky and agitated. "I've got some damned bad news for you. Things are much worse than we thought."

Instinctively Martin crept forward. Watson had disappeared, swallowed up by the earth, and as Martin reached the entrance he could hear the two men, a few feet beneath him, making their way into the cave.

Nickel's voice sounded, calling to some one below.

"It's all right, Bealing," he said; "it's Mr. Watson," and, to Martin's amazed ears, came a familiar voice. Muffled and distorted though it was, it was yet unmistakably the voice of Bealing, the man whom he believed dead.

Martin threw caution to the winds. Bealing alive! Horror came over him suddenly. Who was it, then, that the jury had pronounced dead? Was this what Morrow suspected?

He made his way down the shaft. Crouching on the ledge, half-way down, he could hear fairly distinctly all that was said. And, as he listened, amazement crowded upon amazement.

Watson repeated Annie's story, and Bealing burst into savage reprimand.

"It's that girl that's at the bottom of it," he said with an oath. "I wish I had her here

Cornishman's Gold By Anthony Mawes

She wouldn't worry us much longer. I told you to watch her all the time, and you'd better do it now. It wouldn't be a bad thing if she were to have an accident. That would keep Lynn hanging about her and get him out of our way. Or if Lynn had the accident it would do just as well; she'd go and nurse him—the precious little love birds."

Swiftly as he dared, Martin climbed back to the surface, and a few moments later the grey mist had enveloped him.

MADGE, still not fully awake, raised her head from the pillow.

"What's happened?" she asked. "Things have taken a pretty ugly turn. Bealing—Bealing's not dead at all—"

Martin said "He was in the Fern Cave an hour ago. It's he who threatened Anstice." He told her briefly.

"You stay here, Martin," Madge said with decision. "You've had an 'accident.' You can't move out of the house. You slipped walking in the dark last night and wrenched your ankle. And I'm inviting Anstice over for the day to help me nurse you—and Annie can take that story to Mr. Watson as soon as she likes."

"By gad, Madge, that's a great idea," he said appreciatively. "But I must see Morrow. Tell Pyne to send him over."

Madge nodded.

"I'll see to that," she said; "but you'd better take to your bed temporarily—just for the look of the thing."

Later, there was a ring at the front door.

"It's Mr. Pyne and a man," the maid said woodenly.

"Are you really ill?" said Pyne. "Frankly, I wasn't at all sure . . ."

Martin grinned.

"Not very," he said, getting up. "It's only a scheme of my sister's. Did she tell you about Bealing? He's not dead. He's very much alive."

There was a pause.

"Then you were right, Pyne," said Morrow quietly. "Can you tell me more?"

For the second time that morning Martin recounted his experience, but now in greater detail. "And I'll not rest until we get that devil safely locked up," he finished hotly. "I suppose the local police will have to handle it; but what can I charge him with?"

"You needn't worry about a charge," said Morrow. "I'll deal with that side of it—or at least my friend Rundel will." He gave a queer, joyless smile.

"Why Rundel? Who is he?" Martin asked.

"He's Snape—Detective-In-
spector Snape of the Cornish police," Morrow said grimly.

"I brought him down here for this very purpose. I think we can take it that we shall have Messrs. Bealing, Watson, and Co. safely in custody in a few hours, now that we know the truth. But I should like to get them together. I wonder—" He gazed steadily at the fire. "Watson should be easy enough, but Bealing and Nickel—d'you think they'd still be at the cave?"

"More likely on Nickel's boat," said Martin.

The "Hoverplane" next!

By H. A. Albert

THOUSANDS of planes hovered last night over Hitler's hide-out in Central Germany, dropping bomb after bomb. On the West battle-front, hoverplanes once again blasted the enemy from their key front positions. At sea, hoverplanes scored new successes against the U-boats.

That isn't yesterday's news. It belongs, if the Germans manage to withstand the Allies' Second Front pressure for long, to the front pages of to-morrow's newspapers.

Even if the Nazis crumple, you may read of hoverplanes directing operations against food rioters or policing Germany during the peace era.

For this is the logical outcome of talks that have been staged by the Ministry of Aircraft Production and the British Air Commission in Washington on one of the most hush-hush industries of the war—the manufacture of helicopters, aeroplanes that can hover.

It is now no secret that at least forty industrial organisations in America alone are backing the use of helicopters in anti-U-Boat warfare. They range from the immense resources of Henry J. Kaiser, who has turned over some of his shipyards to hoverplanes, to the grand-scale Sikorsky division of United Aircraft.

Under a Sikorsky licence, the U.S. Army last year placed the world's first large quantity hoverplane order. Then there

when they overlooked the capacities of Señor Cierva, that brave and brilliant Spaniard who first introduced the autogiro to this country.

The hoverplane has gone far since the days when the Weir Autogiro, with its 50 h.p. motor-cycle engines, concluded her trials at Hanworth. A Sikorsky model has flown in a high wind at 20 degrees below zero. With a mere 165 h.p. engine, one has flown 761 airline miles in 16 hours 10 minutes.

The Germans, in discussing helicopters as a weapon against U-boats, have spoken of their ability to rise and descend vertically from the smallest deck spaces and to hover directly over a target. Colonel H. F. Gregory, of the U.S. Air Force, admits to having taken off and landed 24 times from a take-off platform built upon a tanker.

Kiev-born Igor Sikorsky's current model can travel forwards, sideways, backwards or can hover at will. The three-bladed rotor maintains it with equal ease at 5,000 or five feet above the ground. If a helicopter's engine fails, it is said that the big windmill rotor can waft it to a safe, if heavy, landing.

Much of the development of the hoverplane, however, has been due to one of the "back room boys" of the R.A.F. Wing-Commander R. C. Brie has flown every known type, and has been experimenting ever since his late twenties, when he joined the Cierva Autogiro Co. as its chief pilot.

The hoverplane has emerged like a butterfly from its helicopter chrysalis. Hitler missed

the boat when Oscar von Asboth, ace Austrian designer of high-speed helicopters, began to work for Britain. Another Nazi zero hour for disaster was

WANGLING WORDS—325

1. Put a candle in BED and make it spoilt.

2. In the following popular song title, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Korbe ta how eht rolac nam het nemot kanb.

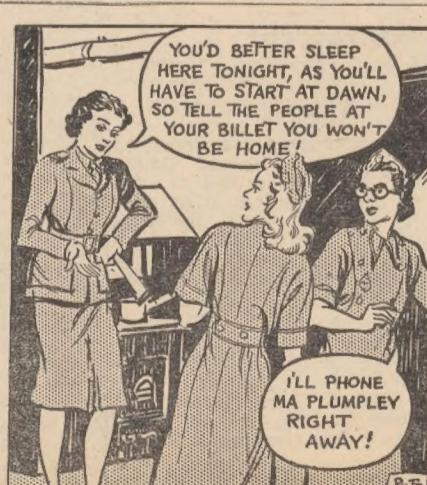
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change POUR into RAIN and then back again into POUR, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the hidden household appliance in: A good man gleefully helps his wife with the washing.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 324

1. MEadow.
2. I'm dreaming of a white Christmas.
3. LADY, lads, fads, fade, fare, bare, bard, BIRD, bind, find, fine, line, lane, laze, lazy, LADY.
4. Madeira, India.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13		14			
15				16				
19	20	21			22	23		
24	25			26				
27	28		29	30	31			
32		33						
34			35					
36		37						

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 River of Kent.
- 6 Young animal.
- 10 Sort of iris.
- 11 Journalist.
- 12 Handwriting.
- 14 Drop of medicine.
- 15 Name of book.
- 16 Consciousness.
- 17 Sarcasm.
- 19 Upholstery fabric.
- 21 Outfit.
- 22 Proper.
- 24 Representatives.
- 27 Urged.
- 29 Volatile liquid.
- 32 Clown.
- 33 Rut.
- 34 Salad plant.
- 35 Consumes.
- 36 Perused.
- 37 Space covered.

ESK ODD DAM
LARVA ELUDE
FLAIR CAPON
VAT TIGER
BELATED SEW
ULINEN TOP
DOROTHY POWER MOO
BELOW HANDY ARENA ADAGE GAS YEW LEA

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Vapour.
- 2 Cut out.
- 3 Soil.
- 4 Plaintive cries.
- 5 So far.
- 6 Drink.
- 7 Made amends.
- 8 Defeat.
- 9 Cause to congeal.
- 13 Sharp.
- 16 Subject of portrait.
- 18 Metal.
- 19 Jacket.
- 20 Tower.
- 23 Rough.
- 25 Ice cold.
- 26 Undaunted.
- 28 Travelled.
- 30 Flexible tube.
- 31 Remainder.
- 33 Go on.

I S Newcombe's
Short odd—But True

The British Empire, according to the latest returns, numbers 450 million persons. Of the Dominions and Colonies, India has the highest figure with 352,837,778. Surprisingly, Nigeria ranks next to India with 18,765,790.

Sanskrit, still spoken in parts of southern India, is regarded as the world's most difficult language. Its alphabet has 14 vowels and 33 consonants. It was anciently the tongue of the Brahmins of East India, and much early Oriental literature was written in it.

QUIZ for today

1. Galloon is a liquid measure, silly person, sailing ship, Irish fairy, kind of lace?
2. Who wrote (a) A Broken Blossom, (b) Broken Blossoms?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Holly, Mountain Ash, Elderberry, Maple, Blackthorn, Wild Rose, Hawthorn.
4. With what sport do you associate V. Barna?
5. How many lines are there in a sonnet?
6. What is the Scottish equivalent of a mayor?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Pupilage, Proceedure, Propogate, Prototype, Provocative, Pulsate.
8. How many sides has a heptagon?
9. What is the sole British possession in South America?
10. What was the name of Walt Disney's bull?
11. The Crystal Palace was burnt down in: 1934, '35, '36, '37, '38?
12. What sauce goes best with (a) Roast Lamb, (b) Roast Pork?

Answers to Quiz in No. 378

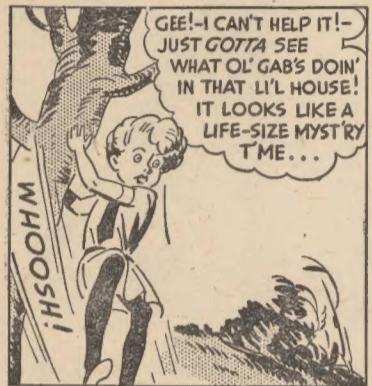
1. Tree.
2. (a) Edgar Lee Masters, (b) Henry James.
3. Cuckoo does not build a nest; others do.
4. 168.
5. Tennis.
6. Two—inside and outside. (Sorry!)
7. Marmoset, Meticulous.
8. Mary Smith.
9. Columbia and Costa Rica.
10. Leopard.
11. "So be it."

BEELZEBUB JONES



C.147.

BELINDA



C.147.

POPEYE



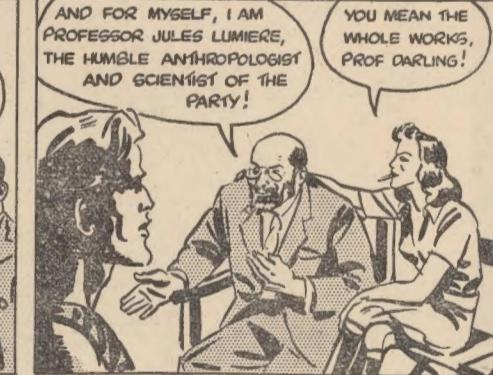
C.147.

RUGGLES



C.147.

GARTH



YOU MEAN THE WHOLE WORKS, PROF DARLING!

JUST JAKE



C.147.

Queerest Luck Story

By Webster Fawcett

FIFTY years ago this summer Charles de Ville Wells became celebrated in song; he was, in fact, the original of Charlie Coborn's famous "Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

And the queer fact is that he was a crook, a cheat, a dishonest swindler, whom Fate signalled out at the gaming tables for the greatest luck ever!

Following black and red only on an original stake of £60, and playing honestly, he won £300, then £3,500, and then £2,000.

Up soared his scoops—from £9,000 to £12,000. The world gasped. Ultimately, Wells broke the bank with winnings of £16,000.

For a time he made £8,000 a day at the tables—and in one incredible week as much as £140,000.

Yet sitting at the tables from 10 a.m. till mid-night without leaving his chair was, Wells said, the hardest work he ever did.

While he basked in the spotlight of Monte Carlo notoriety, envied by the earth, people did not know that as a confidence trickster he had already netted a five-figure fortune.

Even his commencing stake at Monte Carlo resulted from misappropriated money.

For years previously newspaper advertisements had appeared every day offering a large yearly income, plus a big bonus, for a few hundred pounds down. Gullible inquirers learned how an investment of £5 could make £400,000 if bestowed upon inventions at the right moment.

Instancing the fact that Gatling, inventor of the quick-firing gun of that name, had produced £620,000 for investors who had backed him "on the ground floor," Wells declared that £350 invested in the patents under his auspices could produce wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The dupes believed him!

From one mean room in the East End, Wells blossomed into a palatial suite of offices in the West End of London.

He boasted to a peer that his benefactions to humanity would soon place him in the Upper House. He talked airily of flats in Park Lane.

He actually bought a fleet of yachts, which were to revolutionise the fishing industry by trawling at high speed. Every investor in this syndicate was guaranteed £20 a month for years to come in return for £100.

From one victim alone Wells gleaned £10,000, having promised to return £250,000.

From another he made £19,000. Offering pieces of paper called "share certificates" in return for this wealth, he spent his fortunes as fast as he made them.

Leaflets concerning his activities circulated through the country. The public were advised to "Leave Well(s) Alone." Yet still the public showered money upon him.

An American heiress put up £10,000 to enable him to gamble at Monte Carlo. His first stake was only a fragment of that sum. But soon his name was flashing round the globe.

From honesty the man who had swindled thousands made the greatest fortune of his career. Then he paid the penalty for his crimes.

When every home was ringing to his exploits, Wells embarked on his return to England. The plans to welcome him included bands and banquets. The song concerning him was furiously encored at every singing.

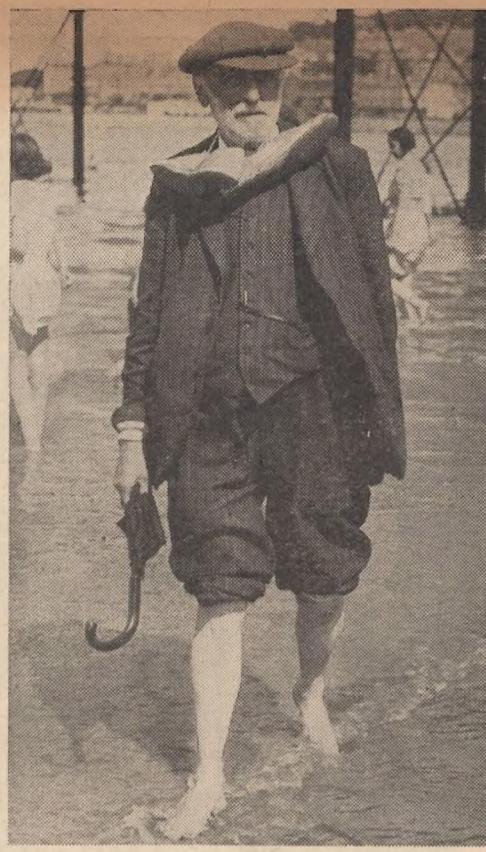
The fortune-maker's super-yacht put into Le Havre, and then came the climax of the drama. The police went aboard, and Wells was arrested on twenty-four warrants.



"Perfectly stunning, dear. Now show me where you're going to put your cap."

Good Morning

Here's Ginger Rogers (no need to tell you Paramount built her) resting on her bike. Yes, we said bike, although it looks like the prototype of the jeep.

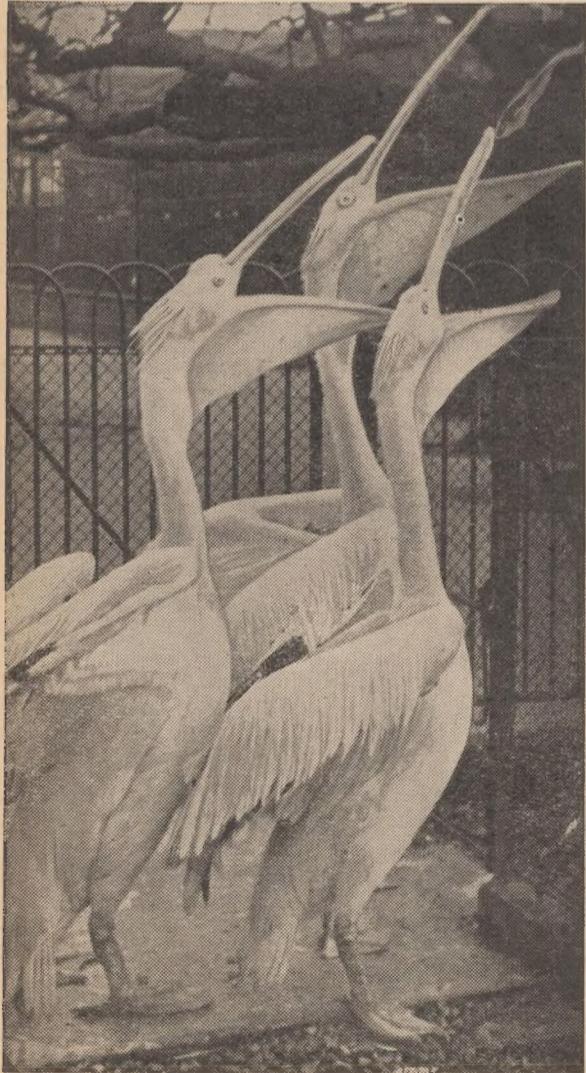


Crinkle, crinkle through the wavelets. Here's Grandpa, sneakers strung round neck, gold watch in pocket, complete with gamp, on his late afternoon trials.

"Look across there, will ya? There's a fella who doesn't know what his birthday suit was intended for. Well, how could you expect it, what with senectitude an' all!"



Here's a young she-kitten growing up; she knows that a rudder is for balance as well as guidance.



This England A big pull and a small trickle. The riverside pump at Bishop Burton, East Yorks., does its job.

Printed and Published by Samuel Stephen, Ltd., 2, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.19.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Water? What's that used for?"

